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A

COLLECTION

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OF

POEMS.

By several Hands.



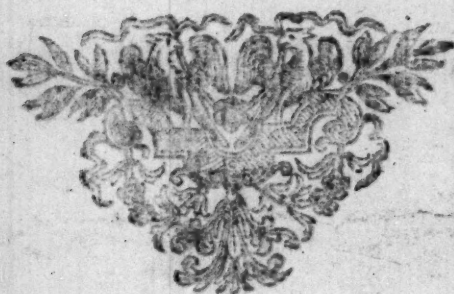
B O S T O N : Printed and Sold by B. GREEN and
Company, at their Printing-House in *Newbury-street*;
and D. GOOKIN, in *Cornhil*. 1744.

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COLLECTION

POEMS.

To a GENTLEMAN on the sight of some of his POEMS.



AIL! charming Poet, whose distinguish'd lays,

Excite our wonder and surmount our praise :

Whom all the Muses with fresh ardour fire,

And *Aganippe's* chrystal streams inspire.

O ! were my genius equal to my will !

What melting words should from my lips distill,

Smooth as the gentle flow from your soft quill.

On me the pow'r but throws his glancing beams,

You feel the vital vigour of his flames :

But tho' the subject towers above my sight,

I'll stretch my wings, and dare the wondrous height

But where, ye Nine, shall I begin my song,
Hurried impetuous by his fire along.
 Lost in a pleasing maze I wandring rove,
 Here crop a rose, and there a tulip prove,
 Nor ever fix'd my wanton footsteps stray,
 But o'er the beauteous field take an unbounded play.
 If you attempt the Lyre in tender strains,
And moving numbers warble o'er the plains,
 The listning swains a deep attention shew
 The winds are hush'd, the rivers cease to flow ;
 With wonder silent are the bending trees,
 Nor hear their boughs the murmurs of a breeze.

Like HORACE sweet the tuneful harp you string,
 While in our ears th' enchanting accents ring.
 Or like your WATTS's soft melodious lyre,
 Who from the Roman snatch'd the immortal fire.
 WALLER who best excell'd in handsome praise,
 Joyful beholds your temples bear his bays.
 Your Similes like sparkling diamonds glow,
 Which on their ambient gold a light bestow,
 And as the stars in measur'd numbers dance,
 With sprightly glory thro' the vast expanse,
 A lively lustre gilds the heavenly blue,
 Such your pure lines, such your allusions shew.

Happy the Poet whom the applauding town,
 Admir'd in your fine lines, before his own.

And happy you, who while you strive to raise
Your modest Friend, are compass'd round with praise.
He, bashful, with a veil conceals his face,
Nor on the world his living lightnings flash.
So Maids in whom the varied red and white,
The blushing rose, and lilly fair unite,
Their lovely looks from gazing mortals hide,
Nor lavish on the world their cheeks gay pride :
But conscious of an ever-springing bloom,
O'erspread their features with a decent gloom.

You, like *Apollo*, shine with godlike rays,
And court the Virgin with melodious lays ;
Whose person to the wondring world unknown,
By you adorn'd with laurel wreaths, is shone.
Your Poem with unnumber'd graces gleams
Upon my soul, and darts promiscuous beams :
Its numbers, like a stream, majestick glide,
When by its banks it rolls its silver tide,
While mourning Winds in murmurs softly breathe,
And silent scenes an image paint of death.
Your thoughts for multitude like billows roul ;
And with the force of Lightning pierce the Soul.

May former Bards their just esteem enjoy,
Nor I to raise your merit their's destroy.
You scorn a fame with borrow'd glory bright,
But shine like *Phæbus* in your native light

But

But sure the Nine more graceful garments show,
 And softer accents from their fingers flow,
 Since you with pity saw their rude attire,
 And taught their hands to bend the sounding wyre.

No more shall foreign wits our clime despise,
 And bless the indulgence of their milder skies.
Britannia's Bards, forever may ye feel
 The inspiring Pow'r; and with his raptures swell.
 May MILTON's force, and DRYDEN's smoothness join
 With mingled lustre on your Isle to shine:
 But still regard, with fond propitious eyes,
 Your distant sons by your examples rise,
 On us *Apollo* sheds his kindly light,
 We too ascend *Parnassus* steepy height:
 My friend can riding reign the furious horse,
 And thro' the aerial kingdoms drive his course:
 Can reach the glittering Regions of the sky,
 Where the still tracts of purest ether ly;
 Or thro' the flow'ry fields of nature rove,
 And gather garlands to adorn his love.

And now, my Muse, attempt one labour more,
 Let MILTON's fame resound from shore to shore:
 MILTON who in his works immortal lives,
 And in the deathless praise your Poem gives.
 You imitate his airy rapid flights,
 And mount with ardour to his godlike heights.

How

How swift the vigour of your numbers fly,
 When the dread chariot bounds along the sky;
 While o'er the azure plains MESSIAH's driven,
 And hurls his foes precipitant from heaven!
 His eyes majestick flash with flames of fire,
 And kindle hell in those who dare his ire.
 You lead me through the gay delightful scenes,
 Where paradise adorns the happy plains.
 Here nature's wing'd inhabitants repair,
 And chant their musick thro' the ravish'd air.
 Here rilling streams in winding mazes move,
 There tow'r the shady honours of the grove.
 There opening flow'rs breathe their refreshing sweets,
 And here the ripening fruit the finger greets:
 While courtly Zephyres wave the trembling trees,
 And fan their faces with a gentle breeze.
 Blest garden of primæval innocence!
 (But now surrounded with a flaming fence)
 How longs my panting Soul to stretch my limbs,
 Near the soft running of thy cooling streams,
 Upon the verdure of a grassy mead,
 And rising turf a pillow for my head,
 Easy my thought, my prostrate length to lay,
 And waste in chearful joys the smiling day?
 Here dwelt the happy Pair dissolv'd in bliss,
 And heard unmov'd the Serpent's harmless hiss,
 While

While subject nature bow'd its humble neck,
And every charm conspir'd the place to deck.

Forgive, dear Friend, the straying of my verse,
Which should your merit, not your thoughts rehearse :
But your description so my sense invites,
I leave the Author for the things he writes ;
Viewing the copy of your wondrous mind,
I lose the great Original behind.
Thus trav'lers walking thro' the *Italian* plains,
To some great city, studious of their gains,
Lost in a thousand charms which court their eyes,
Drink in the prospect with a vast surprize,
Till thoughtless of their journey's destin'd end,
They thro' the vales with high exultings tend.

But tho' the painter and the picture please,
In praise of both my strains reluctant cease.
Nor can the labours of my vulgar Muse,
Tho' You the theme a tedious length excuse:
You best can stretch along and lofty wing,
And with unfailing force for ever sing.
So *Phæbus* shining with immortal gleams,
Shoots down the golden glory of his beams.
Nor when behind the hills his light retires,
Are in the ocean quenc'd his radiant fires,
But rising to their fight, the inferiour world
Behold his flames with fiery vigour hurl'd.

An ELEGY on the long expected Death of Old
JANUS. [The New-England Weekly Courant.]

Mourn, alas ! for in the grave is laid
I Old rev'rend JANUS with his double head,
Assist, ye nine, my mournful song inspire,
And thou, O *Bacchus*, add thy gen'rous fire ;
Let high *Parnassius* weep in ev'ry place,
And let each summit celebrate a face :
Tears from all *Argus*' eyes this death demands,
While griev'd *Briareus* wrings his hundred hands.

Mourn, all ye scribblers who attempted fame,
Screen'd by the umbrage of his pow'rful name :
Whose works now cease each rolling week to rise,
A grateful cov'ring over smoaking pies ;
Or when a squib a holliday declares,
To mount in air, and blaze among the stars.
You, woeful *Wights* ! his lost protection mourn,
And let your griefs flow plenteous o'er his urn ;
Alas ! no more shall your bright souls be shown,
In foreign shapés, and features not your own :
No more you'll write beneath his shade conceal'd,
But in full dulness be abroad reveal'd.

So when th' ambitious Affe around him ty'd,
 The shaggy horrors of the Lion's hyde,
 Wheree'er he stalk'd the beasts forlook their prey,
 And from the tawney terror fled away ;
 When now forgetting what he was before,
 He tries to scowl, and thinks it time to roar ;
 He takes full breath, ----- but, ah, it came to pass,
 That a loud bray confess'd the cover'd Affe :
 In rush the shouting swains from ev'ry side,
 Strip the vile beast, and bang his batter'd hyde.

But, O my muse, some consolation bring,
 And in this doleful ditty cease to sing.
 Few thought his rev'rend vitals were so strong,
 Or that th' old fellow could have liv'd so long.
 For, many a month did to the world display,
 How all his parts were hast'ning to decay ;
 And (as 'tis usual, e'er one's parting breath)
 He lighten'd once or twice before his death ; *
 For fire besure's in those who verses write ;
 And where, *my friends*, is fire, unless there's light ?
 These melancholy signals first appear'd,
 And his approaching end to all declar'd,

* Alluding to the two late poetical Courants.

So some old oak upon a plain appears,
Bending beneath a mighty weight of years;
If then, from heav'n, commission'd storms arise,
Fly o'er the fields, and thunder through the skies,
The tree astonish'd at the loud alarm,
Waves with the wind, and totters to the storm;
Its leafy honours all around are spread,
And acorns rattle from its lofty head;
'Till it's huge trunk breaks with a crashing sound,
And the tall top lies level with the ground.



On the Foregoing.

Excess of vice won't fail to hasten death!
E How soon old JANUS yeilds his pois'nous
breath!

He's born, comes to his height, grows old and dies,
And his curs'd carcase on a dunghil lies;
Just fate of JANUS! all before the sun
Could six times round his annual orbit run!
Of tory malice spawn'd, by faction nurs'd;
Men can't be blest'd by heav'n, but he is curs'd.

When heav'n incens'd will no more forbear
To scourge the sins that waiting vengeance dare;

And fatan comes commiffion'd from above
 To fpread intestine jars, and banifh love :
 His willing aid old JANUS gives the fiend,
Joins hand in hand, and makes fuccefs attend.
 While he continu'd, as he firft design'd,
 To wrong the guiltlefs, and abufe mankind,
 Dull malice void of wit in profe or rhyme
 Could please enough to make him rich by crime.
 To mock the pious, and the vile to praife,
 The venerable finner's fame could raife.
 By hatred, envy, party-rage, he lives,
 And on the fpoils of peace triumphant thrives.

But when our paffions calm, and love descends,
 When men are blefs'd with peace, and faction ends,
 When fatan could not, by divine command
 In party-fpirit reign to plague the land ;
 Old JANUS found at once his work was done,
 And trembled for paff crimes, tho' left alone ;
 His reputation funk, he ftarv'd, and griev'd,
Ætna was in his foul while confcience heav'd,
 And wild defpair the haft'ning change perceiv'd.
 In vain, he gasps a while, repents, and dreams
 Of new recruits of life from virtuous themes,
 To poison fo inur'd, when not fupply'd,
 He tries to live on wholefome food, and dy'd.

He's

He's gone ! thanks for his death ! who dy'd to give
The world a poet who deserves to live.

*****, *Harvard's* honour, and *New-England's* hope
Bids fair to rise, and sing, and rival POPE.

No more let *Britain's* sons in haughty scorn

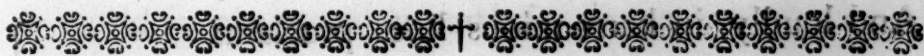
Say that our country wants ONE poet born.

The death of venerable JANUS says,

He could no longer live upon *their* bays.

Could JANUS live again, he'd wish to die ;

If in oblivion ***** would let him ly.



To -----.

LONG has *New-England* groan'd beneath the
L load,

Of too too just reproaches from abroad,

Unlearn'd in arts, and barren in their skill,

How to employ the tender muses quill :

At length our ***** aloft transfers his name,

And binds it on the radiant wings of fame ;

All we could wish the youth, he now appears,

A finish'd poet in his blooming years.

With anxious care, we see the stripling climb
Those heights we deem'd for mortals too sublime,
And dread a dang'rous fall -----

Yet

Yet fondly gaze, 'till he, above our fears,
Has lost th' attracting world, and shines among the stars.

Thence, may the Influence of thy heavenly rays,
(Our present joy, and hope of future days !)
Inspire our imitation, as it does our praise.
Rise yet, great genius, further onward go,
But let our tender youth, whose bosoms glow
With bright ideas, be thy charge below ;
Thy kindly aspect, fan their growing fire,
Till they, like thee, on wings of fame aspire,
And loudly, in harmonious lines proclaim
New-England's sons, e'erwhile of barb'rous name,
A match for *Albion*, or the *Græcian* fame.



The COMET.

Descend, *Urania*, and inspire my verse,
I raise my song to sing your kindred stars ;
I aim to rove where glitt'ring comets stray,
Trace the bright wand'ers thro' th' Æthereal way,
And all around th' Almighty's pow'r proclaim,
Where worlds can roll, or suns incessant flame.

With anxious care, we see the shining orb

See !

And dread a dangerous fall

See ! heav'nly muse, view with attentive eyes;
 The ruddy wonder of the ev'ning skies !
 From star to star, the burning ruin rolls,
 Beams thro' the Æther, and alarms the poles :
 Around the earth the wond'ring nations gaze,
 On the dire terrors of the lengthen'd blaze,
 While, trailing on, they dream its sparkling hair,
 Shakes famine, earthquake, pestilence and war :
 Illusions vain ! remote from humane things,
 Where other planets roll in other rings
 It travels vast ; and all around proclaims
 A world in chaos, or an earth in flames.

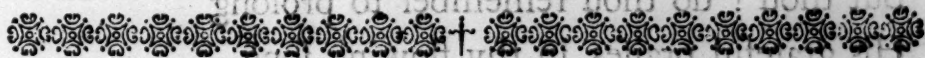
So, thro' the Æther, swept the ancient earth,
 Ere time, and form, and beauty first had birth,
 Unshap'd and void, thro' space immense it roam'd,
 Till spoke the God-----and Eden instant bloom'd.

What ruin ! what confusion might be hurl'd,
 By such a ball upon our guilty world ?
 Witness, ye waves, which in the deluge spread,
 Whelm'd o'er the earth, and stretch'd the nations dead.
 Down heav'n's high steep, wide-spread, the steaming train
 Rush'd on the fields, and pour'd the floods of rain ;
 The dark abyss, attracted into day,
 Gush'd o'er the mountain-tops, and roar'd away ;
 The ; down rush the mountains in a flaming flood. The

The tost ark, tott'ring, thro' it's fabrick shook,
Involv'd in clouds and darkness, foam and smoke,
By tempests plung'd along from steep to steep,
Bounds to the clouds, or dashes down the deep,
Ye angels! guard her thro' the stormy scene,
Till the gay rainbow arch the heav'ns serene.

But, O my muse, swift must the time come on,
When fresh inspir'd, and fervid from the sun,
The flagrant stranger shapes a diff'rent path,
And from its annual orbit drags the earth.
Ye fancy, mortals! distant as ye are,
All calm and placid round the sailing star,
In gentle rays serenely gleams the head,
And easy lustre thro' the train is spread:
Ah, ye perceive not what loud tumult reigns
Thro' the hot regions of its wild domains;
What hideous thunder the wide Æther shocks,
Of tumbling mountains, and of crashing rocks:
Fierce seas of flame beat round the burning shores,
And ev'ry tempest raves, and ev'ry furnace roars.
To this devoted earth it marches on,
And midnight blazes with the glare of noon;
Big, and more big, it arches all the air,
A vault of fluid brass the skies appear:
From their foundations, where they ancient stood,
Down rush the mountains in a flaming flood; The

The min'rals pour their melted bowels out,
 The rocks run down, the flying rivers spout;
 The earth dissolves thro' its disjointed frame,
 Its clouds all lighten, and its *Ætna's* flame;
 The sea exhales, and in long volumes hurl'd,
 Follows the wand'ring globe from world to world:
 Now at the sun it glows, now steers its flight
 Thro' the cold desarts of eternal night,
 Warns ev'ry creature thro' its tractless road,
 The fate of finners, and the wrath of GOD.



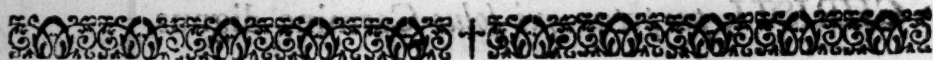
Ad -----

Ucida, qui novit numeris constringere justis
L *Astra poli solemq; perenni ducere cursu;*
Ille tibi Altifono cantandi carmine Vires
Permisit: dotescq; Oro tibi adaugeat Amplas.
Optimus Ille PARENS: At tu resonare memento,
Illius, grato dum Vivis pectore Laudes;
Cumq; Augusta dabit tibi adire palatia cæli,
Ætherea claros cithara cantabis Honores
CHRISTI, perpetuo qui solus Carmine dignus.

The Translation.

E whose high wisdom gilds the blue expanse,
H Where the gay pole-star tries its measur'd
 dance,

Who to the sun appoints its annual bounds,
 And leads him on his everlasting rounds ;
 To you this GOD has granted to rehearse
 In sounding numbers, and exalted verse.
 May he, *best parent* ! ampler blessings shed,
 With rich profusion o'er thy happy head.
 But thou ! do thou remember to prolong
 His grateful praises in thy flowing song.
 Refound his name with all thy noblest strains,
 While vital spirits pulsate thro' thy veins ;
 So when thy soul, exulting, soars away
 To the fair regions of eternal day,
 Where heav'n's high tow'rs magnificently rise,
 And shoot long glories down th' inferior skies
 All rapture, thou shalt take th' æthereal lyre,
 Thy hands divinely bend the warbling wire,
 J E S U S still dwell harmonious on thy tongue,
 Th' exhaustless subject of immortal song.



*A poetical LAMENTATION, occasioned by the Death of
His late Majesty King GEORGE the First.*

NO W, O ye nine ! if all your pow'rs can paint
The scenes of woe which wake this loud
complaint,
Breath from my muse such soft and solemn verse,
As suits to strew my matchless Sov'reign's hearse ;
And let my grief in mournful musick glide
To *Albion's* shores, and join the gen'ral tide.

While in this task I'd try the tenderest skill,
Beneath the subject sinks my quiv'ring quill,
Restless, my muse her awful theme surveys,
While wounded passions plead for present ease,
My grief grows wild, and struggling sorrows throng
To break in trembling accents from my tongue.

O that in shade, which woful cypress rears,
My growing grief cou'd pour in dutious tears !
To waving woods the desp'rate cause reveal,
And learn my lays to each remurm'ring rill.
How oft in lonesom wilds, the widdow'd dove,
In melting moans laments its absent love,
While list'ning forrests seem to feel the wound,
And eccho dies beneath the doleful sound.

And shall my woe, more peircing than the sighs
 Of dying doves, or mourning matron's cries,
 Now ask in vain some sympathetic groan,
 From darksome groves, reflecting moan for moan ?
 Shall unrelenting rocks forbear to bleed,
 While I proclaim the great *AUGUSTUS* dead !
AUGUSTUS-----ah ! ----my muse, I feel the sound
 Rush thro' my soul, and all its pow'rs confound ;
 Swift tow'rd's my heart unusual horror climbs,
 And strange convulsions seize my shudd'ring limbs ;
 In my cold veins the crimson scarcely flows,
 My slack'ning nerves their nat'ral aids refuse,
 From aking eyes the briny sorrow breaks,
 And liquid pearl rolls down my faded cheeks,
 The ling'ring remnant of my life's oppress,
 And death-like damps bedew my lab'ring breast.

Had I the royal prophet's tuneful strain
 When *Israel's* breathless chiefs had ting'd the plain ;
 Would but *Apollo's* genial touch inspire
 Such sounds as breathe from ***** warbling lyre ;
 Then, might my notes in melting measures flow,
 And make all nature wear the signs of woe.
 Content, my muse must mourn with humbler strings,
 While *GEORGE's* death, and *Albion's* loss she sings.

Now

Long had the fields resign'd their smiling dress,
 And herds rov'd round for food in dumb distress,
 When famish'd hills, in ruffet robes array'd, *
 Seem'd to preface some dire event decreed :
 While fainting nature felt such ardent fire,
 As if 'twas with this fever to expire ;
 Then from the King of kings, a message flies,
 To call his great vicegerent to the skies :
 An hasty summons snatch'd our Sov'reign's breath,
 His life is set, his glory dim'd with death. -----
 Let ev'ry gem which studs the *British* crown,
 Look pale and wan, since *Albion's* light is down :
 No more you'll share its rays, nor mingling shed
 Your trembling splendors round his sacred head.
 No more the throne shall show that awful face,
 Where majesty was mix'd with mildest grace :
 Nor hostile realms revere their conqu'ring king,
 Nor nations shroud beneath his shelt'ring wing.
 That wond'rous form, which once could kingdoms sway,
 Is now the grizly tyrant's helpless prey.

Rise gentlest winds, to give your sorrows vent
 That distant climes may learn our desp'rate plaint ;
 Whisper your woe, and languish as you flie,
 And, when you've told the doleful tidings, die.

* An uncommon Drought at that Time.

With swelling grief, let restless billows roar
 And loose their lives on each resounding shore.
 While gathering damps surround each groaning hill,
 And gushing riv'lets drench th' enamel'd vale.

Ye gaudy flow'rs and blossoms drop your dies,
 No more let roses blush, nor lillies rise,
 Nor teeming buds their knownless sweets disclose,
 But, with untimely blasts, their bashful beauties loose.
 No more let trees in verdant liv'ries tow'r,
 Nor ripen'd fruit from bending branches pour,
 But leafless twigs shall team with trembling drops,
 And gently waving, shed their crystal crops :
 While cluster'd vines, their withering arms unwind,
 'Till all the ground's with scatter'd purple stain'd.

Ye wing'd musicians, leave your airy domes,
 Sadden your notes, and pluck your painted plumes :
 While woods and plains with dying flocks are strow'd,
 Let scaly swarms in anguish lash the flood,
 And floating squadrons, fold their canvas wings,
 Since now no more they'll serve the best of kings.

Lock'd in the chambers of the distant skies
 Let *Phæbus* mourn 'till *Albion* dries its eyes,
 While darkness silver *Cynthia's* face invades,
 And sickly planets close their twinkling lids.

While

While the high heav'n its misty mantle wears,
And low'ring clouds weep down in showry tears,
Let the slow thunder roll in fun'ral peals,
As livid light the bursting skies reveals ;
Winding in streaky torches thro' the gloom,
To light the sleeping monarch's mould'ring tomb.

While comfort bells the thick'ning vapours break,
And deep complaints, in dying language speak,
Let the tall steeples bow their gilded spires,
As each sad sound in circling waves expires.
Now let *Britannia's* peers deplore their prince,
In pompous woe, and faint magnificence ;
With arms revers'd, let martial mourners show,
Gloom in their cheeks, and sadness on their brow ;
While the soft sex their tenderest sorrows blend,
Wail with dishevel'd hair, and wringing hand,
Their blushing charms eclips'd with sable veils,
As thro' the dust their decent mourning trails.

Come, hoary registers of ancient times,
Whose vital tide declines your wither'd Limbs ;
Babes in the dawn of life, and you whose veins,
The dancing fire of ripen'd youth contains ;
With all *Parnassus*, bring your last perfume,
With bosoms bare, and mingled mournings come,
And spread in one wide ruin round your Sov'reign's
tomb.

But cease, my muse, or weep in gentler streams;
 Behind this shady scene some comfort gleams;
 Lift from the dismal gloom thy aking eyes:
 Refreshment springs from whence thy sorrows rise.

When at the hour of *Brunswick's* swift discharge,
 To heav'n seraphick guardians guide their charge;
 Rapid, the news thro' trembling kingdoms runs,
 And all the skies are peirc'd with piteous groans;
 Then, as this light the dark'ned empire leaves,
 Then, wondrous *W A L E S* the sinking scepter saves:
 Then, with her sparkling issue, comes his *QUEEN*,
 Like night's fair empress midst her starry train;
 With cypress crown'd, they guild th' imperial seat,
 And prop, tho' weak with woe, the tott'ring state;
 While intermingling joys, and grief impress
 Their different dies, in ev'ry subjects face.
Albion reviv'd, yet longs with eager eye
 To see their *Sovereigns* shine in cloudless majesty.
 So when in deep eclipse, the rising sun,
 Streaks with a dusky light his orient throne:
 With sully'd robes he mounts th' ætherial field,
 And rules the day, with *Cynthia's* sable veil'd
 Languid, and faint, his muffled front appears,
 While earth and air a semblant horror wears,
 Till rapid time unfolds his fulgid face,
 And spreads his golden glories quick'ning rays.



*Like Phœbus, thus, acquiring unsought praise
He catch'd at love ; and fill'd his arms with bays.*

Waller.

BELINDA. *A Pastoral.*

“ E tuneful nine, who all my soul inspire,
“ Y “ Whose numbers charm me, and whose
“ transports fire,
“ Snatch me, O snatch me to some gentle seat,
“ Where shady forests form a soft retreat.
“ And thou, O spring, deck the surrounding bow'rs,
“ Ye blossoms bloom, and flourish all ye flow'rs.
“ BELINDA comes, I hear her heav'nly voice,
“ Let the flow'rs flourish, and the blooms rejoice.

“ BELINDA fair my wanton fancy leads
“ Where fainting breezes whisper o'er the meads,
“ High leaps my heart, and ev'ry pulse beats love,
“ While the dear name soft dies along the grove,
“ Her name, in echoes dances on the hills,
“ Adds softer musick to the bubb'ling Rills,
“ Bids each gay tree a livelier verdure show,
“ The lillies whiten, and the roses glow,
“ Scatters the gloomy horrors of the night,
“ And gives a glory to the noon-day light.

D

But

“ But, ah ! fond youth, forbear thy am’rous strain,
“ Vain is thy passion, and thy numbers vain !
“ Could’st thou e’er hope, presumptuous, that the fair,
“ With smiling eyes should dawn upon thy pray’r,
“ That panting, sinking, with surrend’ring charms,
“ The beauteous nymph should bless thy circling arms ?
“ Ah ! no, some happier youth the fates have blest
“ To reign, unrival’d, in her lovely breast ;
“ Some happier youth, ah ! so ye pow’rs decree,
“ Who never sung, who never lov’d like me ;
“ He, coldly asking, shall obtain the prize,
“ And bear the beauty from my trembling eyes,
“ Shall, without rapture, on the goddess gaze,
“ And uninspir’d, behold her smiling face ;
“ When her sweet voice chimes in his tasteless ear,
“ He’ll hear indeed, but will regardless hear :
“ While I, unhappy, shall the nymph deplore,
“ Nor court the day, nor ask a pleasure more :
“ Pensive, I’ll wander through the lonely woods,
“ And tell my sorrows to the list’ning floods,
“ Give to the hills and vales my passions vent,
“ While the rough rocks repeat my loud complaint,
“ The trees, attentive, shall forget to bloom,
“ Nor a ray glimmer in their solemn gloom.

Thus STREPHON sung to all th’ admiring swains,
And moving numbers warbled o’er the plains ;

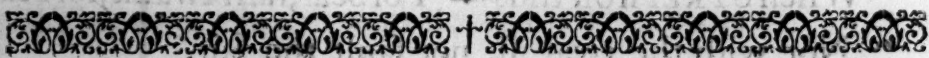
Sometimes,

Sometimes, elate, he sung the yielding fair,
Then mourn'd, and sigh'd, abandon'd to despair,
The shepherds, fixt in deep attention hung,
And griev'd, or triumph'd, to the varying song ;
They blest th' harmonious accents of his lyre,
And the nice hand that touch'd the trembling wire,
Their hearts o'ercome with gen'rous passions flam'd,
They curs'd his rival, and BELINDA blam'd.

When STREPHON thus--“Forbear, rash swains, forbear,
“ Nor with the rival ill, nor fault the fair.
“ O bless BELINDA, all ye pow'rs above,
“ And bless the man, BELINDA deigns to love !
“ But me, ah ! me ten thousand pangs arrest,
“ And mix tumultuous in my beating breast,
“ Must that fair form (forbid it, O ye Skies !)
“ Must that fair form be ravish'd from my eyes ?
“ Shall some more favour'd youth with haughty air,
“ Far from my sight the lovely charmer bear ?
“ Throw round her slender waist his stupid arms,
“ Nor own, ungrateful, the superiour charms ?
“ From her gay bosom snatch th' unfullied shows,
“ And from her blushing cheeks, the op'ning rose,
“ Yet his cold lips taste no exalted joys,
“ Nor one glad sparkle languish in his eyes ?
“ Shall he ---- No more, my heart forgets to move,
“ And life's warm stream its circling maze to rove ;

“ The killing thought defaces all the scene,
 “ Fades evry flow’r, and withers ev’ry green,
 “ Augments the murmur of the running rills,
 “ And spreads a gloomier shadow o’er the hills.

Thus while he sung the soft BELINDA’S praise,
 Hills, fields, and vales re-echo’d to his lays;
 The shepherds hearken’d ’till the god of light
 Roll’d down his car; and rush’d along the night.



*A full and true Account of how the lamentable wicked
 French and Indian Pirates were taken by the valient
 English Men.*



Ood people all, pray understand
 my doleful song of woe:
 It tells a thing done lately, and
 not very long ago,

How French-men, Indians eke, a troop,
 (who all had drunk their cogues)

They went to take an *English* sloop;

O the sad pack of rogues!

The *English* made their party good,
 each was a jolly lad:

The Indians run away for blood,
 and strove to hide like mad.

Three of the fellows in a fright,
 (that is to say in fears)
Leaping *into* the sea *out-right*,
 fows'd over head and ears.

They on the waves in woful wise,
 to swim did make a strife,
[So in a pond a kitten cries,
 and dabbles for his life ;

While boys about the border scud,
 with brick-bats and with stones ;
Still dows'd him deeper in the mud ;
 and break his little bones.]

What came of them we cannot tell,]
 though many things are said :
But this, besure, we know full well,
 if they were drown'd, they're dead.

Our men did neither cry nor squeek ;
 but fought like any sprites :
And this I to the honour speak
 of them, the valiant wights !

O did I not the talent lack,
 of 'thaniel Whittimore ;
Up to the stars --- i' th' almanack,
 I'd cause their fame to soar.

Or could I sing like father *French*,
 so clever and so high;
 Their names should last like oaken bench,
 to perpetuity.

How many pris'ners in they drew,
 say, spirit of *Tom Law*!
 Two French-men, and papoofes two,
 three fannops, and a squaw.

The squaw, and the papoofes, they
 are to be left alive:
 Two French, three Indian men must die:
 which makes exactly five.

[Thus cypher, Sirs, you see I can,
 and eke make poetry:
 In common-wealth, sure such a man,
 how useful must he be!]

The men were all condemn'd, and try'd,
 and one might almost say,
 They'l or be hang'd, or be repriev'd,
 or else they'l run away.

Fair Maidens, now see-saw, and wail,
 and sing in doleful dumps;
 And eke, ye lusty lubys all,
 arise, and stir your stumps.

This

This precious po'm shall sure be read,
 in ev'ry town, I tro :
 In ev'ry chimney corner said,
 to *Portsmouth, Boston* fro.

And little children when they cry,
 this ditty shall beguile;
 And tho' they pout, and sob, and sigh,
 shall hear, and hush, and smile.

The pretty picture too likewise,
 a-top looks well enough;
 Tho' nothing to the purpose 'tis,
 'twill serve to set it off.

The poet will be glad, no doubt,
 when all his verse shall say,
 Each boy, and girl, and lass, and lout,
 for ever, and for aye.



*Some excellent Verses on Admiral VERNON's taking the
 Forts and Castles of Carthagera, in the Month of
 March. 1742,3.*

At tend all nations round about,
 who dwell on ev'ry shore;
 Where're old *Neptune's* waves can float
 Or *Britain's* cannons roar.

I found

I found great VERNON's spreading fame,
 round heav'n's expanded arch ;
 Who thund'ring on the *Spaniards* came
 on the last ninth of *March*.

Four ships against two forts sail'd on,
 And took them as they stood ;
 Tho' both the forts were built with stone
 and th' ships were made of wood.

St. *Philip* gone, and *Terra-Bomba*,
 (was ever seen the like---O !)
 Resolv'd to cut the *Spaniard's* comb--a,
 they fir'd at *Boco-Chico*.

The *Spaniards* star'd at the loud ring,
 as at a rod stares dunce ;
 Like frighted pidgeons they took wing,
 and vanish'd all at once.

Castle *Legrand* to guard the boom,
 stood threat'ning far and wide ;
 Two men of war did boldly come
 and pour'd a whole broad-side.

But, gen'rous, give the foes their due,
 ; there was no sign of fear ;
 VERNON fire on, a fig for you !
 for not a man was there.

This

This castle was their greatest strain,
 Don *Blas* concluded right;
 He ran away with all his men,
 and left the fort to fight!

Into his ship the hero got,
 then sail'd away to town,
 Then bid them fire, then bid them not,
 then run, then stop'd, then run.

So a young lady in new stays
 tail-nestling keeps a rout;
 And so a maggot in a cheese
 rolls wriggling round about.

You said, Don *Blas*, you'd drink a glass
 with VERNON, could you catch him:
 He's coming on, why do you run?
 pray can't you stay and pledge him?

Fastned in *Carthagera* close,
 no further can you fly;
 Armies by land, or fleets let loose
 will catch you by and by.

How dolefully with eighty guns,
 Don *Blas*'s ship was seen!
 Taken from seventy *Spanish* Dons,
 by five and twenty men.

Don *Blas* beheld, he sob'd and whin'd,
his huge black whiskers tore ;
And had he not fear'd to be fin'd,
he would have curs'd and swore.

In haste they sunk three men of war,
to stop the channel up ;
Each vessel else they set on fire,
viz. ship, brig, snow, and sloop.

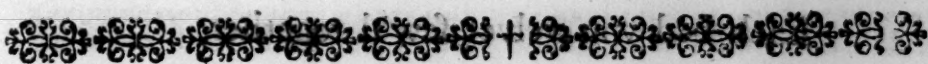
While these brave things were done at sea,
our soldiers work'd for blood,
Built on the land a battery,
behind a hideous wood.

Wentworth commands, down go the trees,
with horrible report ;
Agast, the trembling *Spaniard* sees
the negroes and the fort.

As ghost stalks on by moon-light gleam
still terrible to nurse,
So frightful did each soldier seem
that went away from us.

Our picture shows all this with art,
(was ever work so pretty !)
And soon you'll see the second part,
when we have took the city.

Cartagena's



Carthagen's Downfall.

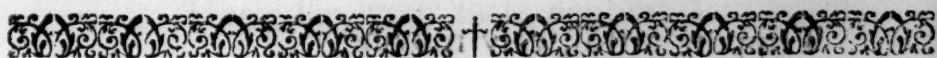
**** Olly we sung the other day,
 **** How poor *Don Blas* scuttled away;
 Close up in *Carthagen* keeps,
 And leaves his castles and his ships :
 We promis'd soon, in jocund measure,
 To take the city and the treasure ;
 So further to refresh your heart,
 Here, sailors, sing the second part.

Jack Spaniard sees, shiv'ring and shaking,
 All his ships sunk, and castles taken ;
 Nearer our men, and nearer creep,
 Each takes his prospect glass to peep.
 And O ! what riches here were seen,
 In ev'ry alley, street, and lane !
 In ev'ry corner mingling rays
 Of silver, gold, and diamonds blaze.
 All the tin pots were silver fine,
 And silver wire was us'd for twine.
 The land-bank bills were yellow mould,
 And all the gridirons made of gold.
 The spits and skewers of ev'ry skullion,
 And wooden cans were solid bullion.

Each bed was velvet sew'd together,
 Stuff'd with leaf-gold without a feather.
 Each cup-board groan'd beneath its weight,
 For all the earthen ware was plate.
 What endless wealth spread o'er the ground!
 What storms of guineas rain'd around!
 Each foldier at a distance views,
 Hope fills his pockets, sleeves and shoes;
 Each heart beats fast, assur'd to come
 Loaded with bags of money home.

Hark then! and see! trumpets and drums,
 Cannons and muskets, shouts and bombs;
 Masts cracking, tumbling city walls,
 Steeples o'erturn'd by iron balls;
 Ten thousand dangers, deaths and harms,
 And shower of heads, trunks, legs and arms.
 Whole magazines blown up on high,
 And soldiers flying thro' the sky,
 Till, lest they should be all o'erthrown,
 The Spaniards sent to buy the town.
 Just as we seiz'd all to our use,
 Out comes a paltry flag of truce,
 And after a short modest parling
 Only paid down nine millions sterling.

PARTHA-



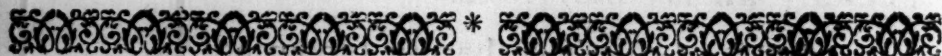
PARTHANISSA.

Dedicated to the Admirers of Italian Opera.

❀❀❀ *Arthanissa's* beauty blooming,
 ❀P❀ All my ravish'd mind inspires
 Smiling feature, eyes consuming
 Melt my heart with amorous fires.
 Oft beneath the moon-shine walking,
Parthanissa's name I've sung;
 Babbling echo's round me talking,
 Answering softly to my tongue.
 Flow'ry meadows, forests floating,
 You have heard my gliding strains;
 Midnight owls forgot their hooting,
 When I warbled o'er the plains.
 Bubbling fountains gently rilling,
 Branches bending, purling streams,
 Whisp'ring breezes sweetly smelling,
 Hush my soul in lulling dreams.
 Come then, *Parthanissa* charming,
 With your smoothly-swimming air:
Parthanissa my breast warming,
 Come, my *Parthanissa* fair.

Tripping

Tripping artful, easy moving,
 Sweep the surface of the green.
 Take a heart so tender, loving,
 Ever-beauteous little queen.



To a little Master.

*** Ear little master, fet the tea ;
 * D * Expect me at the hour of three :
 *** And let me also, when I come,
Papa and *Mamma* find at home.

The A N S W E R.

From Dr. Wenstanley's Poems, printed at Dublin. 1742.

*** An you, much honour'd man, excuse
 * C * The first lisps of an infant muse ?
 *** Young as I am, my lips would patter
 An instant answer to your letter.

In gilded edge your lines appear,
 So morning cloud speaks *Phæbus* near.
 Ambition sets my mind on fire
 And like *Apollo* you inspire :
 Inspir'd, I only can indite :
 --- *Milton* and *Homer* could not write.

Here,

Here, Sir, your little nephew stands,
And pants, and burns to kiss your hands :
Those hands, from which so oft have come
The citron-peel, and sugar-plumb.

See the tea-table ready drest,
Proud to receive so great a guest.
Peru, with silver tea-pots, smiles
And sugar floats from western isles ;
Japan the glitt'ring tables lends ;
China her beauteous dishes sends ;
The tea on *Ganges*' borders grew :
All nations joyn to pleasure you.
Compleat, if you adorn the room ;
-----*Papa and Mamma are at home.*

China, and *Ganges*, and *Japan*
Are words my *Papa* taught my pen.
He says, they're countrys to be found
In a strange world below the ground ;
Where folks with feet erected tread,
And distant downward hangs the head :
Fearless, they topsy-turvey run,
With nought beneath—but skies and fun.

This, all my nurse's tales exceeds,
Of giants with an hundred heads !

I know

I know of knights in ev'ry region,
 Who singly flew, at least, a legion ;
 And fiery dragons too, trapan'd,
 As big as twenty miles of land ;
 Their skin was brass, their teeth were steel ;
 A nation was their common meal :
 Of goblins pale, with saucer eyes,
 To catch the naughty boy that cries :
 I credit all of ghosts, they say,
 Who on a pins-point dance the haye ;
 Unheard, unseen, along they glide,
 And stately thro' a key-hole ride :
 (So heroes made their pompous marches,
 In chariots, thro' triumphal arches :)
 Of hideous hags, who nightly fly,
 On groves of broom-sticks thro' the sky :
 Of faries, who the moon-shine prize ;
 And pigmies, half an inch in size :
 These, as they're things I've seen the prints of,
 I very fully am convinc'd of.

But that a vessel ever fails
 Where nought grows upwards but cows tails ;
 That servants sent to fetch the claret,
 Should find the cellar in the garret ;
 That work-men the whole roof should spread,
 Before the least foundation's laid ;

That

That evening sees the rising sun,
And when 'tis midnight, then 'tis noon.
That birds descend the more they soar,
And hills rise downwards low'r and low'r;
And, that folks always walk so ev'n,
They ne'er drop upwards down to heav'n,
Are things I can't believe not I:
---Tho' sure my *Papa* cannot lye.

But manners bids me hasten home :
My country's common father, come,
Come, let me still your fondness prove,
And boast in your's, a parent's love.
Your golden cane, I'll still bestride,
And rapid round the study ride.
You sav'd me from the gasp of death,
When wheezing quinsies held my breath,
John lash'd the dapples two-fold pair,
And whirl'd me thro' the winter air ;
Clos'd up in glass, secure I ride,
And mock the snows on ev'ry side ;
Your coach convey'd me safe from harms,
From nurses, to my *Mamma's* arms :
Here oft your goodness I commend,
And often bless your bounteous hand ;
Here still my grateful passions work,
And still I live to make my mark.



To _____.

With a Present of Peacock's Feathers.

S I R,

*** O your hands the little muse,

 *** Again in grateful numbers flows ;

As oft as she can bend the string,

She still has some new gift to sing.

Now that a small return be made,

She calls the peacock to her aid.

Her voice, *his* train, accept together :

---You sent a hat, I send a feather.

Poor PAVO, stript of all his pride,

Affects a melancholly stride ;

He gives, to paint a bed for you,

His glitt'ring plumes of golden hue ;

No more you see him, haughty, spread

All *Argus'* eyes around his head ;

The heav'nly blue deserts his breast,

No jewels twinkle on his crest :

Alas ! how alter'd ev'ry feature,

Could you but see the naked creature !

On *Ovid's* verse I often look,

(Who wrote an *English* picture-book)

Such changes there I frequent see,

Narcissus-flow'r, and *Daphne*-tree.

Daphne,

Daphne, thy story suits our case,
Half-maid she runs, and sprouts half bays;
Phæbus pursu'd, fir'd with her charms,
And catch'd the laural in his arms:
So *Pavo* fled, while *Servo* chas'd,
'Till seiz'd, and in his arms embrac'd;
The sympathetic genius spread
His gloss decay'd, his colours fled;
Sober he wanders round the house,
No more a peacock----- but a goose.

But tho' he stalks in dismal plight,
Rueful and horrid to the sight;
Thy groser shade, *Alcides*, so *
Wanders a grimly ghost below;
The lighter soul with gods partakes
Immortal youth from *Hebe's* cheeks.

See, what collected beauties shine
On yonder blazing counterpain!
Improv'd each single feather shows,
And with redoubled lustre glows:
So *Phœnix*, wonder of the east!
Expires upon the genial nest;
In fertile flame consum'd she lies,
Withers to bloom, to vigour dies.

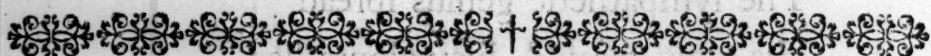
* Vid. POPE'S *Hom.* Odyss. B. XI. l. 743. Notes.

Accept this off'ring as 'tis meant ;
 Measure the payment by th' intent,
 'Twill make a figure in your ledger,

Your Nephew,

S I R,

The little Major.



*To ***** Desiring to borrow Pope's Homer.*

From a Lady.

*** HE muse now waits from ***'s hands to press
 *** Homer's high page, in *Pope's* illustrious dress :
 How the pleas'd gooddeffs triumphs to pronounce,
 The names of ***, *Pope, Homer*, all at once !

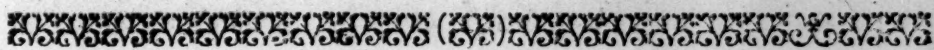
The ANSWER.

*** OON as your beauteous letter I peruse,
 *** Swift as an echo flies the answ'ring muse ;
 Joyful and eager at your soft commands,
 To bring my *Pope* submissive to your hands.


Go, my dear *Pope*, transport th' attentive fair,
 And sooth, with winning harmony her ear.
 'Twill add new Graces to thy heav'nly song,
 To be repeated by her gentle tongue ;
 Thy brightning page in unknown charms shall grow,
 Fresh beauties bloom, and fire redoubled glow ;

With

With sounds improv'd, thy artful numbers roll,
Soft as her love, and tuneful as her soul:
Old *Homer's* shade shall smile if she commend,
And *Pope* be proud to write, as **** to lend.



*Written in the blank Leaf of Mr. Addison's CATO :
Given to a Lady.*


 O, gentle volume, teach the fair to love,
With *Marcia's* elegance, and strictest virtue ;
Softened by fonder *Lucia's* open temper :
Her heav'nly mind as faultless as her form.

Let ev'ry charm adorn the fav'rite youth,
Like *Juba* vig'rous, modest, beautiful,
Divinely flush'd with *Marcus's* glowing ardor,
Graceful as *Portius*, gen'rous and serene,
And all great *Cato's* soul dilate his breast.

O happy pair, 'tis you alone shall prove
The finish'd transports of immortal love.



EPIGRAM on a Pedantic Composure.

 O strong conclusion, no connected sense,
Quotations here, not arguments, convince ;
Clearness and eloquence you vainly seek,
You ask for *reason*, and he gives you *Greek*.

When

When *Babel* aim'd above the skies to shine,
 Their tongues confounded crush'd the proud design:
 These pages show like their ambitious throngs,
 And talk confusion in a thousand tongues.



To his most honoured Mother, On New-Year's Day, 1737.

A piece for a Lad at writing School.

W H I L E all around to your attentive eyes,
 W Conquests and triumphs in bright order rise, *
 W Be your's in softer victories to engage,
 In vertue over death, in bloom o'er age;
 Fresh trophies rising, as each year subsides,
 Your sons all heroes, and your daughters brides.



COMMENCEMENT.

I Sing the day, bright with peculiar charms,
 I Whose rising radiance ev'ry bosom warms;
 I The day when *Cambridge* empties all the towns,
 And youths commencing, take their laural crowns:
 When smiling joys, and gay delights appear,
 And shine distinguish'd, in the rolling year.

* *The Margin decorated with the Duke of Marlborough's Victories.*

While the glad theme I labour to rehearse,
In flowing numbers, and melodious verse,
Descend immortal nine, my soul inspire,
Amid my bosom lavish all your fire,
While smiling *Phæbus*, owns the heavenly layes
And shades the poet with surrounding bayes.
But chief, ye blooming nymphs of heavenly frame,
Who make the day with double glory flame,
In whose fair persons, art and nature vie,
On the young muse cast an auspicious eye :
Secure of fame, then shall the goddess sing,
And rise triumphant with a tow'ring wing,
Her tuneful notes wide-spreading all around,
The hills shall echo, and the vales resound.

Soon as the morn in crimson robes array'd
With chearful beams dispels the flying shade,
While fragrant odours waft the air along,
And birds melodious chant their heavenly song,
And all the waste of heav'n with glory spread,
Wakes up the world, in sleep's embraces dead.
Then those whose dreams were on th' approaching day,
Prepare in splendid garbs to make their way
To that admir'd solemnity, whose date,
Tho' late begun, will last as long as fate.
And now the sprightly Fair approach the glass
To heighten every feature of the face.

They

They view the roses flush their glowing cheeks,
The snowy lillies twining round their necks.
Their rustling manteaus huddled on in haste,
They clasp with shining girdles round their waist.
Nor less the speed and care of every beau,
To shine in dress, and swell the solemn show.
Thus clad, in careless order mixt by chance,
In haste they both along the streets advance ;
'Till near the brink of *Charles's* beauteous stream,
They stop, and think the lingring boat to blame.
Soon as the empty skiff salutes the shore,
In with impetuous haste they clustering pour,
The men the head, the stern the ladies grace,
And neighing horses fill the middle space.
Sunk deep, the boat floats slow the waves along,
And scarce contains the thickly crowded throng ;
A gen'ral horror seizes on the fair,
While white-look'd cowards only not despair.
'Till row'd with care, they reach th' opposing side,
Leap on the shore, and leave the threat'ning tide.
While to receive the pay the boat-man stands,
And chinking pennys jingle in his hands.
Eager the sparks assault the waiting cars,
Fops meet with fops, and clash in civil wars.
Off fly the wigs, as mount their kicking heels,
The rudely bouncing head with anguish swells,
A crimson torrent gushes from the nose,
Adown the cheeks, and wanders o'er the cloaths.
Vaunting,

Vaunting, the victor's strait the chariots leap,
While the poor batter'd beau's for madness weep.

Now in calashes shine the blooming maids,
Bright'ning the day which blazes o'er their heads ;
The seats with nimble steps they swift ascend,
And moving on the crowd, their waste of beauties spend,
So bearing thro' the boundless breadth of heav'n,
The twinkling lamps of light are graceful driv'n ;
While on the world they shed their glorious rays,
And set the face of nature in a blaze.

Now smoak the burning wheels along the ground,
While rapid hoofs of flying steeds resound,
The drivers by no vulgar flame inspir'd,
But with the sparks of love and glory fir'd,
With furious swiftness sweep along the way,
And from the foremost chariot snatch the day.
So at olympick games when heros strove,
In rapid cars to gain the goal of love.
If on her fav'rite youth the goddess shone
He left his rival and the winds out-run.

And now thy town, O *Cambridge* ! strikes the sight
Of the beholders with confus'd delight ;
Thy green campaigns wide open to the view,
And buildings where bright youth their fame pursue.

G

Blest

Blest village ! on whose plains united glows,
 A vast, confus'd magnificence of shows.
 Where num'rous crowds of different colours blend,
 Thick as the trees which from the hills ascend :
 Or as the grass which shoots in verdant spires,
 Or stars which dart thro' natures realms their fires.

How am I fir'd with a profuse delight,
 When round the yard I roll my ravish'd fight !
 From the high casements how the ladies show !
 And scatter glory on the crowds below.
 From fash to fash the lovely lightening plays
 And blends their beauties in a radiant blaze.
 So when the noon of night the earth invades
 And o'er the landskip spreads her silent shades.
 In heavens high vault the twinkling stars appear,
 And with gay glory's guild the gleemy sphere.
 From their bright orbs a flame of splendors flows,
 And all around th' enlighten'd ether glows.

Soon as huge heaps, have delug'd all the plains
 Of tawny damsels, mixt with simple swains,
 Gay city beau's, grave matrons and coquats,
 Bully's, and cully's, clergymen and wits.
 The thing which first the num'rous crowd employs,
 Is by a breakfast to begin their joys.
 While wine, which blushes in a chrystal glass
 Streams down in floods, and paints their glowing face.

And

And now the time approaches when the bell,
 With dull continuance tolls a solemn knell.
 Numbers of blooming youth in black array
 Adorn the yard, and gladden all the day.
 In two strait lines they instantly divide,
 While each beholds his partner on th' opposing side,
 Then slow, majestick, walks the learned *head*,
 The *senate* follow with a solemn tread,
 Next *levi's* tribe in reverend order move,
 Whilst the uniting youth the show improve.
 They glow in long procession till they come,
 Near to the portals of the sacred dome ;
 Then on a sudden open fly the doors,
 The leader enters, then the croud thick pours.
 The temple in a moment feels its freight,
 And cracks beneath its vast unweildy weight,
 So when the threatning Ocean roars around
 A place encompass'd with a lofty mound,
 If some weak part admits the raging waves,
 It flows resistless, and the city leaves ;
 Till underneath the waters ly the tow'rs,
 Which menac'd with their height the heav'nly pow'rs.

The work begun with pray'r, with modest pace,
 A youth advancing mounts the desk with grace,
 To all the audience sweeps a circling bow,
 Then from his lips ten thousand graces flow.

The next that comes, a learned thesis reads,
The question states, and then a war succeeds.
Loud major, minor, and the consequence,
Amuse the crowd, wide-gaping at their sence.
Who speaks the loudest is with them the best,
And impudence for learning is confest.

The battle o'er, the sable youth descend,
And to the awful chief, their footsteps bend.
With a small book, the laurel wreath he gives
Join'd with a pow'r to use it all their lives.
Obsequious, they return what they receive,
With decent rev'rence, they his presence leave.
Dismiss'd, they strait repeat their backward way,
And with white napkins grace the sumptuous day.

Now plates unnumber'd on the tables shine,
And dishes fill'd invite the guests to dine.
The grace perform'd, each as it suits him best,
Divides the fav'ry honours of the feast,
The glasses with bright sparkling wines abound,
And flowing bowls repeat the jolly round.
Thanks said, the multitude unite their voice,
In sweetly mingled and melodious noise.
The warbling musick floats along the air,
And softly winds the mazes of the ear;
Ravish'd the crowd promiscuously retires,
And each pursues the pleasure he admires.

Behold

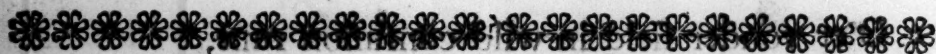
Behold my muse far distant on the plains,
Amidst a wrestling ring two jolly swains ;
Eager for fame, they tug and haul for blood,
One nam'd *Jack Luby*, t'other *Robin Clod*,
Panting they strain, and labouring hard they sweat,
Mix legs, kick shins, tear cloaths, and ply their feet.
Now nimbly trip, now stiffly stand their ground,
And now they twirle around, around, around ;
Till overcome by greater art, or strength,
Jack Luby lays along his lubber length.
A fall ! a fall ! the loud spectators cry,
A fall ! a fall ! the echoing hills reply.

O'er yonder field in wild confusion runs,
A clam'rous troop of *Affric's* fable sons,
Behind the victors shout, with barbarous roar,
The vanquish'd fly with hideous yells before,
The gloomy squadron thro' the valley speeds
Whilst clatt'ring cudgels battle o'er their heads.

Again to church the learned tribe repair,
Where syllogisms battle in the air,
And then the elder youth their second laurels wear.
Hail ! happy laurets ! who our hopes inspire,
And set our ardent wishes all on fire.
By you the pulpit and the bar will shine,
In future annals ; while the ravish'd nine

Will

Will in your bosom breathe celestial flames,
 And stamp *Eternity* upon your names.
 Accept my infant muse, whose feeble wings
 Can scarce sustain her flight, while you she sings.
 With candour view my rude unfinish'd praise
 And see my *Ivy* twist around your *bayes*.
 So *Phideas* by immortal *Jove* inspir'd,
 His statue carv'd, by all mankind admir'd.
 Nor thus content, by his approving nod,
 He cut himself upon the shining god,
 That shaded by the umbrage of his name,
 Eternal honours might attend his fame.



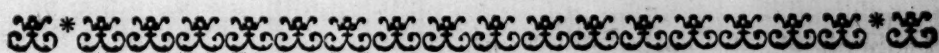
*An Account of the Procession of the General Court into
 Salisbury, in the Year 1737. when the Affair of the
 Boundary Line was debated between the two Provinces
 of the Massachusetts and New-Hampshire.*

Written by an Irish Poet to his Friend.

Y dear joy, ye did never behold this fine sight,
 As yesterday morning was seen before night :
 Oh ! I fear it means no good to your neck, nor
 mine,
 For they say 'tis to fix a right place for the line.
 You in all your born days saw, nor I did not neither,
 So many fine horses and men ride together.

At

At the *head* the *low'r* house trotted *two* in a *row*,
Then all th' higher house pranc'd *up* after the *low*.
Then the governor's coach *gallop'd* on like the *wind*.
And the *last* that came *foremost* was troopers *behind*.

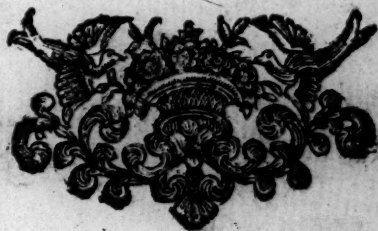


To _____

THE poet, when he saw his Pages full,
Pronounc'd the fancy cold, the numbers dull,
“ Say, muse, what wond'rous magick can I use,
“ To raise to poetry this low funk prose ?

The muse reply'd, “ See ! thro' the audience round,
“ The force of action and the pow'r of sound ;
“ Quick beat the pulses, ev'ry heart leaps high,
“ Fixt the charm'd Ear, and rais'd th' attentive Eye :
“ Let but the graceful orator pronounce,
“ He'll read it into poetry at once.

Obedient thus to what the goddess spoke,
The volume humbly waits on *****.



At the head the heavy horse trotted
Then all the lighter horse pinn'd up after the first.
Then the governor's coach gallop'd on like the wind.
And the last came last, was troopers behind.
~~~~~

To  
~~~~~  
The mute reply'd, "See! thro' the audience round,
"To raise to poetry, the low think prose?"
"I'll read it into poetry at once."
~~~~~  
"First the charm'd eye, and then the attentive ear;  
"Quick beat the pulses, every heart leaps high;  
"The foremost row is bow'd in adoration;  
The mute reply'd, "See! thro' the audience round,"  
"To raise to poetry, the low think prose?"  
"I'll read it into poetry at once."

